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rope that has given attention to the subject, has been finally rejected. The absurd "study from the flat," the delight of lazy incompetence in teacher and pupil, is, as we understand, to be restored in full vigor.

We do not know if we are telling tales, but we will risk saying that in the case of two manufacturers in this country, there has been a disposition manifested to take a step in advance; a step which, if taken boldly, and followed up, would inevitably have important consequences. A great carpet manufactory and a wall-paper house have solicited

designs from a gentleman who is not so much an Englishman as he is a man of most unmistakable and original talent, Mr. Jacob Wrey Mould. No man anywhere, we venture to say, is more capable than he of supplying us with delicate, original, and varied designs; and any manufacturer who should be so fortunate and so wise as to secure a monopoly of that fertile brain and facile hand for a few years, would turn his manufactory into a palace, and make all who bought his goods his joyful and thankful debtors.

A WORD WITH "X"—A KNOWN QUANTITY.

In the "Evening Post" of June 7th, there was published a communication from a person signing himself "X," ridiculing the "Pre-Raphaelite" picture, in the Exhibition. The letter was not long, but the skillful writer of it contrived by clever packing to get into it a slander, a futile attempt at prophecy, and a mean, unfounded insinuation. The slander was thus exposed by Mr. Moore, in a note published in the "Post" of Thursday, June 15th.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

Your critic "X," in his notice of my picture in your issue of the 7th inst., makes certain statements which I notice only because they are so plainly false to the facts. Open discussion upon these matters and frank statement of opinion is not only right, but very desirable. But a writer should be careful to state nothing which he knows to be directly false, in order to support his position. Your critic says, "We never could count the trees, nor the fence-rails, nor the stones ten miles off, &c. But you see it is done." This is absolute and unmitigated falsehood. Let "X" take his most powerful "magnifier" and he cannot count the trees, nor the fence-rails, nor the stones ten miles off, in my picture.

There is no more detail given in this picture than any person may see with perfect ease, and with the naked eye, if he will look. It required no "microscope" to produce this work; but only reasonable care and patience. I thought the scene worth faithful recording, and did my best; but with the utmost care and labor found it impossible to represent the tithe of what I plainly saw.

Yours, truly,

O. H. MOORE.

Catskill, N. Y., June 18.

Mr. Moore might have spared his ink. These men misrepresent with a deliberate purpose of untruth. They hope to effect by ridicule what they cannot do by their own works—break down the band of faithful young students who are slowly pushing them from the field they have usurped so long. "X" and his fellows brought this same charge last year. They have brought it again this year, and they will probably try it again next year. The writer of this article, who to-day is "X," and yesterday sported the *alias* of "A Lover of Art," keeps a pet jest which he is fond of introducing into his public and private criticisms. "Myopian" he has learned, from some source or other,

is Greek for "near-sighted." It would not be much of a joke to call a certain set of pains-taking, truth-telling young artists, "The near-sighted school." But the idea becomes immensely funny to "X" and his friends when it is translated into "The Myopian Club." Well, is it not better to see all that there is, than to see what there is not? To what Club does "X" himself belong? In a certain public gallery in this city there is a picture by him, in which the following transcript of what he says he saw in Nature occurs. To make a pleasing foreground, the artist seized upon a bit of rail fence, consisting of three rails, supported by four posts. His reason for choosing this thrilling incident is made instantly plain to the spectator on the discovery that Nature in an "ideal" mood of remarkable virulence, has given to three of the posts the shadow-a-piece which belongs to them, while the fourth, for some unknown reason, has *two*, distinct and clearly marked! The five shadows of the four posts, moreover, having once broken through the ordinary restraints of Nature, immediately proceed to break another law; and, though they are not three feet away, they all converge to the spectator's feet! Pray, what peculiar sort of eyes has this wonderful man, who sees what does not exist; and with what face does he attempt to criticise an artist like Mr. Moore, who works with a faithful industry of which "X" has no conception, producing results that all our really noble men have admired with an honorable unanimity?

The little attempt at prophecy in which "X" indulged, and which, if he had really wanted to be fair he might have spared himself and us by the small expenditure of twenty cents, was exposed in another note to the "Evening Post," which was published June 12th:

THE "NEW PATH" CRITICISMS.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

Your contributor "X," in his review of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures in the Academy, after ridiculing Mr. Farrer's works, concludes his notice with these words: "All of which the *New Path* will of course duly notice with honorable mention."

If the writer of these words will purchase the *New Path* for June, published May 26th, he will perhaps have the candor to confess that before prophesying what that journal will say in the future, it would have been as well to find out what it did say thirteen days ago. Mr. Farrer's pictures, it will be found, are there criticised fairly and honestly, and in a thoroughly independent spirit. "X" has ridiculed them, we have criticised them. Yours respectfully,

EDITOR OF THE "NEW PATH."

New York, June 7th, 1865.

Finally, the mean insinuation in which, to make it more palatable, the writer ingeniously wrapped a little falsehood, was to the effect that these young men cannot sell their pictures, or, if they do, they are bought, out of charity, by their friends.

Now, even if we had not known who "X" is, this would have been enough to prove that he is no good artist, not to say, no gentleman. Fancy Eastman Johnson writing such a dirty little bit of spiteful slander, or Mr. Vedder, or O. C. Coleman, or Mr. McEntee! Nay, the artists are very few who would condescend to do so small a thing. We have often spoken with disrespect of the pictures painted by Mr. Rossiter, Mr. Lang, and Mr. Huntington, but we believe that they are all honorable and amiable gentlemen; at least, everybody who knows them speak so of them, and we believe that they would think it beneath them to resort to any such underhand way of injuring a brother artist. But "X" is always doing such things. Last year he wrote a scurrilous letter signed "A Lover of Art," for which he was very abruptly brought to his senses

by one of his friends, and of which we have no doubt he has long been ashamed.

Now, if it were possible to suppose that such a man could be a good artist, his being so would make his criticisms of some value. We might wish them more amiable, but we should feel that we learned something from them, harsh as they were. But, will the public take our word for it—for we cannot mention his name—he is one of our very poorest painters. His pictures are never noticed anywhere, because they are too utterly weak and devoid of interest, feeling, knowledge, or desire for truth, to make it worth while to notice them. Mr. Moore, Mr. Farrer, Mr. Griswold, Mr. Richards, Mr. Patterson, have not the slightest difficulty in selling their landscapes. "But," says "X" "they are bought by their friends!" We have no doubt they make friends for the artist, of all who do buy them! But, pray, Mr. "X," who buys yours? Do your enemies make a wild rush for them, for-

getting their hatred in their mania to possess specimens of such a master? Nay, do your friends even? How much hard work, how much elaborate engineering is required in a year before you can dispose of a few pictures?

The mild reader objects that this is personal. Indeed it is. For once, for example's sake, we bring it to that issue. We are heartily tired of the mean, underhand, dishonorable way in which a few well-intentioned, high-minded, laborious young men, who are silently working at their art in a spirit as unselfish and unmercenary as it is rare among us—have been treated by the paltry crew that find a hospitable vent for all their ridicule and want of common fairness in the "Evening Post." We give fair warning that so long as the "New Path" exists, it will not hesitate to strip off any mask that hides a coward of this stripe. We throw down the challenge. Pick it up if you dare, gentlemen of the Old School!

HORATIO GREENOUGH.—"At Florence, chief among artists, I found (1833) Horatio Greenough, the American sculptor. . . . Greenough was a superior man, ardent and eloquent, and all his opinions had elevation and magnanimity. He believed the Greeks had wrought in schools or fraternities—the genius of the master imparting his design to his friends, and inflaming them with it, and when his strength was spent, a new hand, with equal heat, continued the work; and so by relays, until it was finished in every part with equal fire. This was necessary in so refractory a material as stone; and he thought art would never prosper until we left our shy, jealous ways, and worked in society as they. All his thoughts breathed the same generosity. He was an accurate and a deep man. He was a votary of the Greeks, and im-

patient of Gothic art. His paper on Architecture, published in 1843, announced in advance the leading thoughts of Mr. Ruskin on the *morality* in architecture, notwithstanding the antagonism in their views of the history of art. I have a private letter from him—later, but respecting the same period—in which he roughly sketches his own theory. 'Here is my theory of structure: A scientific arrangement of spaces and forms to functions and to site; an emphasis of features proportioned to their *gradated* importance in function; color and ornament to be decided and arranged and varied by strictly organic laws, having a distinct reason for each decision; the entire and immediate banishment of all make-shift and make-believe.'—EMERSON'S "English Traits."